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THE GENEALOGIES OF JOHN PETER
BERGMANN (Company H, 6th U.S.
Infantry) And HIS WIFE PRISCILLA
CATHERINE TWOGOOD: JOHN AND
DELILAH JACKSON: FRED WILLIAM
NELLSCH AND NANCY ANN ELIZABETH
KING: AND THEIR DESCENDENTS;
OF LINN COUNTY, KANSAS.

First Edition - February 1961

Compiled and Edited By:
Sherman Lee Pompey
528 North Main Street
Warrensburg, Missouri

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Pompey, Sherman Lee; compiler

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"The Genealogies of John Peter Bergmann
and his wife Priscilla Catherine Troge
John & Delilah Jackson; Fred Wm. Hallisch
and Nancy Ann Elizabeth King and their
Descendants of Linn County, Kansas."

49607

author

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FOREWORD TO THIS STUDY

This first edition of geneologies was inspired by the family gathering at the funeral of the late Henry Isaiah Bergman on January 14, 1961, at which a large number of his kin were present and gave us information regarding his heirs. It was decided that since we had a rather complete listing of the Bergmann (or Bergman) side of my wife's family, that we should try to run down the Jackson Nellsch side of the family, since they were all located or migrated out of Linn County, Kansas.

We were greatly aided on the Bergmann side of the family by Stella Lee Boyd Bergman, the wife of the late Henry Isaiah Bergman, who loaned us much data concerning the family, including Memories of Covered Wagon Days by Lucy Bergmann Perkins, and the picture of John Nicholas Peter Bergmann, Company H, 6th U.S. Infantry. On the Jackson-Nellsch side of the family, we were aided by Mrs. Gertrude Jackson Nellsch and her sister, Mrs. Alma Kidd of Drumright, Oklahoma.

We make no pretense as to this being complete. We have only spent about 5-1/2 weeks compiling it from readily available sources of information. We wish that it were complete. If any member of any of the families can fill in the vacant spaces, correct the spelling of names, give us maiden names, birth and death dates of various members of the family, or want their spouses family trees included in a future reprinting of this study, we would greatly appreciate this. If someone else wishes to do a memoirs like Lucy did, we will appreciate these, and may include them in a later revision of these genealogical studies.

We would like more information on the family of Isaiah and Rebecca Twogood who immigrated to Kansas in 1860. We would like more information on John and Delilah Jackson, whose son and daughter-in-law are buried at Trading Post, especially information that might tie them in with the Jesse Jackson kin at Jingo, as the late Peter Jackson mentioned that he had a distant kin named John that settled in this area. We are looking for the family of the late James Boyd who married Amanda Lovell. He was Stella Lee Boyd Bergman's father. We are also looking for information on the great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren of William and Matilda Lovell, the grandparents of Stella Lee Boyd Bergman. We are also looking for information on the family of Jake Marshall Harty and Mary Snow Harty, the parents of Cora Lee Harty, first wife of Henry Isaiah Bergman.

If any member of these families that have married into these families would be so kind as to do so, we would include in a future edition, late this year or early next year, Lord willing, a seperate section on your geneology so that your children can have a good family tree.

This edition is printed in fifty copies only, for the adult members of the family to have a copy. The completed and revised later edition will be printed in greater quantity on a better

process of printing, but we put this edition out to show you what we were doing, so that you might cooperate with us and help us to make the next edition complete in all respects. We appreciate all of those who have cooperated with our project.

Our work is copyrighted to protect our research, and the picture of John Nicholas Peter Bergmann is copyrighted. I have the negative if anyone wants extra pictures, at 25¢ each to cover the cost of developing and mailing. Two copies of this work will be filed with the Genealogical Research section of the Library of Congress, one copy each to the Kansas, Missouri, Iowa and Oklahoma State Historical Societies, and one copy with the Johnson County, Iowa, and Linn County, Kansas, Historical Societies.

Sherman Lee Pompey
Barbara Jean Bergman Pompey
528 North Main Street
Warrensburg, Missouri

22 February 1961.

THE GENEALOGIES OF JOHN PETER
BERGMANN (COMPANY H, 6TH U.S.
INFANTRY) AND HIS WIFE PRISCILLA
CATHERINE TWOGOOD

Linn County Kansas

John Peter Bergmann (1846-19
Priscilla Catherine Twogood (1855-1934)

1. Lucy Mae
2. Clara Charlotta
3. Henry Isaiah (D)
4. Sophia

Lucy Mae Bergmann
Emmet Perkins

1. Fred
 2. Goldie
- Fred Perkins
Audrey

1. Girl (D)

Fred Perkins
Roberta

Clara Charlotta
Claude Drasher

Goldie Perkins
Russell Calvin

(See Seperate
Sheet)

1. Bill
2. Bob
3. Beverly
4. James Allan (D)
5. Shirley Sue (D)

Bill Calvin
Thelma Yakel

William Calvin
Sandra

Henry Isaiah (D)
~~Clara~~ Lee Harty
Lora

1. Bessie
2. Mary (D)
3. John Frank

Bessie Bergmann
Check Parker

1. Juanita (D)

John Frank Bergmann
Lillian

1. Beverly
2. John

Beverly Bergmann
Bennie Paschall

1. Tony
2. Cole

(For Henry Isaiah Bergmann
and Stella Lee Boyd See
Seperate Sheet)

THE GENELOGIES OF JOHN PETER
BERGMANN AND PRISCILLA CATHER-
INE TWOGOOD

Page 2.

Sophia Bergmann (D)
Link Crogen

1. Lucy
2. Bill
3. Edna

Lucy Crogen
Elvin Smith

1. Elvin Smith Jr.

Elvin Smith Jr.
Geneva Crusinberry

1. Julia Ann

Bill Crogen
Berdette Tracy

1. Roberta
2. Donna
3. John

Roberta Crogen
Kenneth Kelly

1. Girl
2. Girl
3. Boy (D)

Donna Crogen
Don Sumner

1. Dean
2. Diane (Adopted)

Edna Crogen
(1) Clarence Kelvin

1. Clarence Jr.
2. Arnetta

(2) Elmer Jones

Clarence Kelvin Jr.
Edna Stark

1. Gary
2. Larry

Arnetta Kelvin
Junior Staves

1. Russell Warren
2. Gary

Russell Warren Staves
Alice Ball

1. Lance
- Gary Staves
Sandra Nichols

1. Monty

THE GENEALOGIES OF HENRY ISAAH
BERGMAN AND STELLA LEE BOYD

Linn County, Kansas

John Peter Bergmann (1846-1920)
Priscilla Catherine Twogood (1855-1934)

Henry Isaiah Bergmann (July 13, 1882- Jan. 10,
Stella Lee Boyd 1961)

1. James
2. Clarence
3. Edna
4. Harry T.
5. John (Died at Birth)
6. Alda
7. Harvey (Deceased)
8. Norman Ray
9. Marjorie
10. Ruth
11. Carl Junior (Deceased)

James Bergman
Veta Cook
1. J.D. Cook by
Veta's previous
marriage.

Clarence Bergman
Loraine Morris

Edna Bergman
George Arzeberger

1. Ronald
2. Russell
3. Roger
4. Rita

1. Donna Faye
2. Rozella

Donna Faye Arzeberger
Luther Brewer

Ronald Bergman
Donna Justice

1. Dianna Kay
2. Brenda Leigh

Russell Bergman
Lynn

Rozella Arzeberger
Ronald Hayes

1. Douglas Lee
2. Michael Ray

Note: Henry Isaiah Bergmann changed the family name to Bergman.
Children by Henry Isaiah Bergmann and Cora Lee Harty retained the
spelling Bergmann, children by Stella Lee Boyd use the name of
Bergman.

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GENELOGIES OF HENRY ISAIAH
BERGMAN AND STELLA LEE BOYD

Page 2.

Harry T. Bergman	Alda Bergman	Harvey William Bergman (D)
Evelyn Faye Nellsch	Marvin Cole	Betty Borders

1. Barbara Jean	1. Melvin	1. Francis Jo Ann
2. Roy LaVerne	2. Marie	2. Glenna Sue
3. Carl William	3. Maynard	
4. Harry Eugene		Francis Jo Ann Bergman
	Melvin Cole	Bob Newell

Barbara Jean Bergman Julia
Sherman Lee Pompey

1. Mark	Carl Junior Bergman (D)
	Maria

Marie Cole	1. Harvey William
Harry D. Seals	2. Carl Junior

1. Craig

Maynard Cole
Shirley

Norman Ray Bergman	Marjorie Bergman	Ruth Bergman
XXXXXXXXXX	Henry McDaniel (D)	Billy Allison
Flora May		
1. Neil Ray	1. Robert Lee	1. Kenneth Marvin
	2. Stella Louise	2. John Henry
	3. Harvey Leroy	3. James Howard
	4. Connie Lucille	4. Charles William
	5. Michael Benton	5. David Carl

Marjorie Bergman McDaniel
Bill Peacock

1. Michelle Faye

Matilda

James Boyd

Amanda Lovell

Stella Lee

May Boyd (D)

Arthur Boyd (D)

Henry (D)

Henry Isaiah Bergman Milt. Walker Nellie Jackman

Nellie Jackman

1. Charles Boyd

Bergman

Mamie (D)

Charles Boyd Bergman

(1) Bessie

(2) Lucille Gordon

For the rest of the geneology see Henry Isaiah Bergman and Stella Lee Boyd. Charles Bergman was adopted by Henry Isaiah Bergman after his marriage to Stella Lee Boyd. Henry Boyd died at about 16. May and Arthur had no children. Mamie Boyd died at about 3 years of age. See also the geneological study on William Lovell and Matilda.

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OFFICE OF THE DEAN

CHICAGO, ILL.

Dear Sir:

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst.

and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
[Signature]

THE GENEALOGY OF CLARA CHARLOTTA
BERGMANN AND CLAUDE DRASHER

Linn County, Kansas

Isaiah Twogood (D)
Rebecca Thomas (D)

John Nicholas Peter Bergmann (D)
Catherine Priscilla Twogood (D)

Clara Charlotta Bergmann
Claude Drasher

1. Ruby
2. William
3. Fred
4. Leitha
5. Leona
6. Caroll

Ruby Drasher
Earl Peet

Caroll Drasher
Esther Topman

William Drasher
Charlotta Rhodin

1. Melvin
2. Kenneth (D)
3. Lawrence
4. Lamota

1. Lloyd
2. Gladys
3. Richard
4. Robert

1. Karen Pernell
2. Darrell Lee

Karen Pernell Drasher
Dan Pernard

Melvin Peet

Lloyd Drasher
Louise Crawford

- 1.
- 2.

1. David

Peet
Lawrence ~~XXXXXXXX~~
2

Robert Drasher
Dorothy Knoblack

Lamota ~~XXXXXXXX~~ Peet

1. Julie

Fred Drasher
Marjorie Shafer

Leitha Drasher
Dayton McComkey

Leona Drasher
Harold Chapin

1. Sharon Kay
2. Joy Lorraine
3. Dwain Leroy

1. Janis Elaine
2. Stephen

1. Glenda Fay
2. Barry Allen
3. Keith

Sharon Kay Drescher
Gerald Jackson

THE FAMILY TREE OF HENRY MCDANIEL

First husband of Marjorie Bergman

Ely Benton McDaniel
Julia Doris Donnaly

1. Henry McDaniel (D)

Henry McDaniel (D)
Marjorie Bergmann

1. Robert Lee
2. Stella Louise
3. Harvey Leroy
4. Connie Lucille
5. Michael Benton

THE FAMILY TREE OF WILLIAM R. PEACOCK

Second Husband of Marjorie Bergman

Maggie Coon
(Wyandotte Indian)

Charles Bluejacket (D)
Carrie (D)
(Shawnee Indians)

Alex Peacock
Amy Bluejacket

1. Ernestine
2. Margaret
3. William R.
4. Helen
5. Harvey
6. Elsa

Ernestine Peacock
Virgil Bradley

Margaret Peacock
Elvis McCoy

William R. Peacock
Marjorie Bergman McDaniel

1. Patricia Kay
2. Stephen Lynn
3. Dennis Charles

1. John Henry

1. Michelle Faye

Helen Peacock
James Monroe Todd

Harvey Peacock
Mildred Johnston

Elsa Peacock
Keith (Joe) Weeks

1. Helen Patricia
2. Karen Kay

1. Hargey Austin
2. Cheryl Sue
3. Theresa Jean
4. Connie Jo

1. Wauleah
2. Nancy
3. Deborah

THE FAMILY TREE OF SHERMAN LEE
POMPEY

Husband of Barbara Jean Bergman

George Hoskins (D) Mira Elizabeth Angel (D)
Morgan (D) John Spratt (D)

Alfred H. Pompey Unknown
Elizabeth Hoskins (D) Unknown

Alfred William George Pompey
(Mira) Marion Nellie Orr

1. Sherman Lee Pompey
2. Dorine Kay Pompey

Sherman Lee Pompey
(1) Ida Mae Erickson

Dorine Kay Pompey
Daniel H. Olsson

1. Timothy Lee Pompey
- (2) Barbara Jean Bergman

1. Barbara Aline
2. Wynn Marie
3. Stephen Eugene

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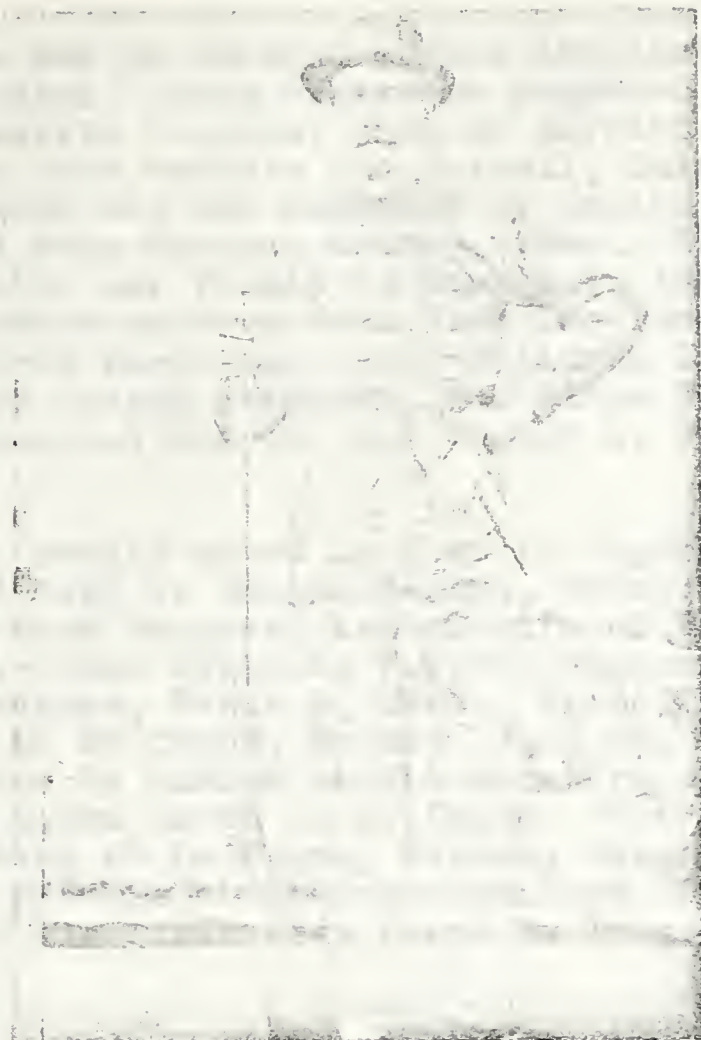
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1964

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JOHN NICHOLAS PETER BERGMANN

Johanne Niedearj Peter Bergmann was born in New York City, July 14, 1846, the son of German immigrants who arrived in the United States in 1845. His brother, George Diederick Bergmann, was born "2 Tace 1848", and two more children followed, but their names are illegible in the German family Bible. One was born on May 31, 1851, and the other on February 1, 1854. The family later migrated to Fort Wayne, Indiana.

John Nicholas Peter Bergmann, the Americanized spelling of the German name, enlisted at the age of 19 in the Union Army at New York City. He served as a private and Scout for Company H, 6th U.S. Infantry. He saw action at Fort Hamelton (Hamilton), New Jersey, Savannah, "Gorg", Hilton Head, South Carolina, Charleston, South Carolina, Goldsboro, South Carolina, Augusta, Georgia, Columbus, Georgia, Ferrandino, Florida, and Macon, Georgia. During the war he received a "minnie ball" in the arm, that later became infected with blood poisoning while working in the lead mines near Joplin, Missouri, and caused it to be amputated. He enlisted on November 14, 1863, and was honorably discharged on January 31, 1866. As a result of his war injuries, he was granted a Government pension of \$16.00 a month, payable quarterly.

After the war he farmed, worked the lead mines near Joplin, and came to Kansas. From Kansas he migrated with his wife, Catherine Priscilla Twogood, whom he married January 25, 1873, to a homestead near Guthrie and Mulhall, Oklahoma. Priscilla Catherine Twogood was the daughter of Isaiah Twogood and Rebecca Thomas Twogood from Johnson County, Iowa. She was born in 1855 and migrated with her family to Kansas in 1860. In the party traveling to Oklahoma were John Nicholas Peter Bergmann, Priscilla Catherine Twogood Bergmann, their children Lucy Bergmann, Sophia Bergmann, Henry Isaiah Bergmann, and Clara Charlotta Bergmann, Link Croghan, who married Sophia, and Walter A. Twogood, Priscilla's brother.

Later the family moved back to La Cygne, Linn County, Kansas. Isaiah Twogood died at Neosho Rapids, Kansas, sometime after 1910, as Stella Lee Boyd Bergman, second wife of Henry Isaiah Bergman, remembers him. John Nicholas Peter Bergmann died of heart failure at La Cygne, Kansas, March 9, 1920. Priscilla Catherine Twogood Bergmann died at La Cygne, Kansas, July 18, 1934. Sophia Bergmann Croghan died and is buried at the cemetery at Jingo, Miami County, Kansas, eight miles north of La Cygne. Henry Isaiah Bergman died of a heart attack at La Cygne, Kansas, January 10, 1961, and is buried by his parents at Oaklawn Cemetery, La Cygne, Kansas. Walter A. Twogood and his first wife Laura B. Twogood are also buried at Oaklawn.

MEMORIES OF COVERED WAGON DAYS

By Lucy Bergmann Perkins

Written in 1956

Like many other downtrodden Europeans, my fathers' parents emigrated from Germany to America about 1845, in search of personal freedom and the right to worship as they pleased. Peter Nicholas Bergmann, my father, was born in New York shortly after their arrival. They settled in Fort Wayne, Indiana. His father passed away at 49 years of age, but his mother lived to be 83 years of age. I never saw either of them, but a brother of his once visited us while we were in Kansas City.

During the Civil War, when he was 19 years old, father enlisted in the Union Army and served in the Illinois Infantry. He used to tell us of the hardships that he endured, no shoes, often times hungry and cold as well. His right arm was badly injured during his army service. After being discharged, he hired out as a farm hand, and eventually worked his way westward to Kansas, where he met and married my mother, Priscilla Catherine Twogood. She was a native of Iowa, the eldest of six girls and two boys born to Isaiah and Rebecca (Thomas) Twogood. Her father was a freight teamster. During her girlhood, her family moved to Kansas. (1860). One of her sisters passed away while quite small and a brother at the age of seventeen, but the rest lived to a ripe old age.

After their marriage, my parents moved to Southern Missouri. He obtained work in the lead mines near Joplin, but this heavy work aggravated the old arm injury, and the following year blood poisoning set in. There were no miracle drugs in those days, so they decided to operate immediately in a desperate effort to save his life. I well remember hearing my mother tell how the country doctor laid him on their large kitchen table, chloroformed him, and with the help of Grandpa Twogood and another man, they sawed the arm off just below the shoulder. Healing required many months, but it did heal in spite of such crude surgery, and he lived to be 75 years old.

I never saw Grandmother Twogood either, as she passed away, at the age of 50, about the time that my eldest sister, Sophia, was born. She left several small children. Grandpa persuaded Mother and Dad to live with him so that Mother could look after the children. I was born August 16, 1880, when Sophia was about five years old. Our only brother, Henry, was born July 13, 1882, and Clara, the fourth and youngest child, arrived when I was eleven years old.

Times were very hard, and it was a constant struggle to feed and clothe the family. Father was weary working for others and yearned to acquire some land of his own. An old friend of his had gone to Oklahoma and filed a claim to a large tract of land. Father received a letter from him saying that he had such a large family that he was having a hard time making ends meet and was willing to sell eighty acres of land for \$100, promising to relinquish all rights so that Father could homestead it. Mother's sisters were

grown and married now with only Uncle Walter, now twenty-one, and Grandpa still living with us. Grandpa was a jolly fellow with a long white beard and a fat stomach. We loved him very much and insisted that he looked like Santa Claus. He always told us that he was a Yankee. Uncle Walter hoped to find some land too, but Grandpa said that he was too old to do any pioneering, so he went to live with another daughter. Sophia and Link Croghan, an orphan, planned to be married the next fall, so he decided to go along. Henry and I could hardly wait to get started. The very thought of setting forth on such a long journey was terribly exciting, and it seemed to us that the grown ups would never get ready to leave.

Three covered wagons had to be outfitted for travel, and each of us seemed to have a few things that we just had to take along. By the time that our bedding, provisions and personal effects were loaded into Father's wagon, no space was left for Rosie, the cow, to ride, so Dad said that he would just have to sell her. Mother was a mild, easy going person most of the time, but she could be very obstinate when aroused and stubbornly refused to leave without her pet, saying that the baby needed fresh milk during the trip. Dad relented and Rosie was tied to the back of their wagon. Although she became too footsore and weary to travel at times, a few days rest always helped, and she walked all the way. Besides providing fresh milk and butter for all of us, her daughter helped to build up our new herd.

Everyone was up long before sunrise on the day that we planned to leave. Henry and I were too excited to eat our breakfast, and squirmed with delight as we climbed up on the high seat of first wagon and then another, waiting impatiently for someone to start moving out.

We must have made quite a picture, even in those days. The cow following the first wagon, a chicken coop containing six hens and a rooster fastened to the rear of Uncle Walter's wagon which bulged with tents, a cook stove, and odds and ends of furniture. Link drove the third wagon that was filled with feed for the stock. It had a shining new riding-cultivator tied to the rear end gate. Father took one last look to be sure that everything was in order, gave the boys a few instructions, slapped the leather lines smartly across the horses plump hips, and yelled "Giddyup, Giddyup". They leaned forward, tugging mightily, to start the heavy wheels rolling, and at last we were really on our way.

My parents were proud, God-fearing people, used to misfortune, and although they knew full well we might encounter many hardships in this new land, and suffer great privation, they set forth with hope and confidence in their hearts.

Leaving Emporia, Kansas, we set out in a southwesterly direction. There were a few wagon trails, but at times we were forced to make our own. The roads were deep rutted and going very rough, so the horses were allowed to set their own pace. The hooves kicked up great clouds of dust which settled over everything and made breathing very difficult. When us kids got tired of riding, we would hop off to chase a young rabbit or gather some lovely wild flowers growing so profusely in the rich sandy soil. Every moment was thrilling to us, and we were much too restless to stay on one

wagon, so we rode on first one and then the other. We liked best to ride with Uncle Walter because he played the harmonica for us. It was fun to even take turns riding on the cultivator seat as it bumped along the rough ground.

Father usually started quite early in the morning, as streams were sometimes quite far apart, and he always tried to find a campsite near water where the stock could drink their fill, and perhaps find green grass to graze on during the night. As soon as we stopped, in the late afternoon, Mother always started a fire and made some coffee right away. At one place she did not taste the water, which happened to be salty, and she ruined the coffee. Father found a well of fresh water, so she made some more. On one occasion the flour sack was placed too near the kerosene can and our biscuits had a very unusual flavor until we used it up. We grumbled good naturedly, but we were much too hungry to be tempermental, so we ate them anyhow. Towns were few and far between, so we had no place to buy any more flour.

Soldiers were stationed along the Cherokee Strip and we had to obtain a government permit to cross it. All travelers were advised to stay on the established trail, as this was still wild country. One night we camped beside a small creek and a terrible storm came up. Our tents blew down, and we were soaked to the skin as we ran to our wagons for shelter. We met other people who had camped beside the creek and had similar experiences, so it became known as Storm Creek. Indians, riding bareback and in single file, their moccasins nearly reaching the ground, would silently look us over as they brought their ponies down to the stream to drink. They were always aloof, but not unfriendly, so we had no fear of them. Henry and I were always on the lookout for Indian souvenirs and buried treasure. Sometimes we found unmarked graves piled high with stones or shells, but we had no idea if they were those of white men who had fallen along the way, or were Indian, so we did not disturb them, but found many arrowheads lying around.

If the camp site pleased him, Father often laid over a day or two to rest the horses and give the cows feet a chance to heal. The chickens were turned out to scratch during the evening but the coop was locked up after they went to roost so that they could not hide out their nests the next morning, as every fresh egg was precious, and hungry coyotes might be lurking around looking for a good meal. During these layovers, Mother would take out the galvanized wash tub, heat water over an open fire, and scrub our dirty clothes on a wash board, using big, yellow bars of home made soap. They were spread out on the brush to dry in the sun. The men folks took their clean clothes and went down to the creek for a swim, but us kids got a good scrubbing in this same tub before we got our clean ones. Everyone had work to do, and our chore was to carry in the firewood. We always made short work of it too, so there would be more time to explore.

Mother wore a large slatted sunbonnet that helped to shade Clara's face, but the hot sun and wind blistered ours in spite of the oil that she always rubbed on them. We traveled for thirteen days before reaching Guthrie, Oklahoma, near which our land was located. It was situated on the banks of the Cimarron River, and

had some good fresh water springs nearby. Everyone was travel weary but there was no time to lose. The tents were setup for temporary housekeeping and Dad chose a spot on the cliffs overlooking the river as the best place to make our dugout home. Fish and quail were plentiful and provided much of the meat for the first summer. Mother planted a large garden right away, and the men folk built corrals and dugout barns for the stock. By fall our food and root cellars contained lots of good things to eat. No wild fruits or berries grew around here, but there were plenty of peach orchards. They bore heavily the third year, and beautiful fruit sold for 10¢ a bushel at the orchard. I earned some money by cutting them and spreading them in the sun to dry. A few homesteaders had sod or log houses, but most of the people were quite poor and lived in dugouts. Father received a pension of \$16 a month for his disability. It was paid quarterly and was a big help to us, but there was very little to spend on luxuries. However, he always bought us kids a sack of hard candy on paydays and some little treat for the rest of the family. Mulhall, six miles away, was our nearest town, and there being no rural delivery, we had to go after our own mail, and we also bought most of our groceries there. Guthrie was a little larger, but it was across the river, so we did not go there very often, except to sell our cotton. One year I raised sweet potatoes for some spending money, so Dad took me to Guthrie to sell them. I spent all the money for a cape.

When I was fifteen, Henry got a job plowing for a neighbor, and earned enough money to buy himself a pair of shoes and a pair of one strap black patent leather slippers for me. They were the first slippers that I ever had, and I'll never forget how proud we were as we rode home that afternoon.

A neighbor girl and I helped the farmers wives cook for the threshing crew. Long plank tables were set up under the shade trees and they fairly sagged under the weight of good home cooked food and a five gallon jar of iced lemonade. Shredded papers were tied on long sticks and the children swished them back and forth to shoo the flies away. Money was always scarce, so the men exchanged their labor, and the same crew went from farm to farm until the grain was all harvested. They loved to play jokes on each other, so there was never a dull moment during the lunch hour.

Mother raised lots of chickens, but eggs sold cheaply. I remember when Henry and I gathered two crates of eggs, packed them in oats, took them to town, and received only 3¢ a dozen for them. The money barely paid for a pair of 50¢ overalls for him, a new flower for my old summer hat, and a piece of lace for a dress collar.

The one-room school house, named "Hardscrabble", was two miles from our home, but, being strong, healthy kids, we thought nothing of walking that distance twice a day. On Friday nights we often walked back to take part in the spelling bees. Many of the boys were nearly grown, as they could only attend school during the winter months. We always had men teachers. This school house also served as a community meeting place at first. Our "Literary" met there every second week, and on Sunday a preacher would ride over from some distant town and hold religious services. After a couple of years, one of the farmers donated a piece of land on which to build a "Carmelite" Church. Other men donated their labor, and as

soon as the framework was up and the roof in place, planks were laid across the studdings to sit on, and we held services there. The people came in farm wagons and on horseback from miles around. We had no musical instruments, but we had a few old hymn books and how we loved to sing those old songs. Camp meetings often lasted for weeks in the late fall and were always well attended. Some people camped in the church yard for the entire time. Oftentimes one of the boys would pile loads of sweet smelling hay in his father's wagon and go from farm to farm gathering up the young folks. You could hear us for miles on a still evening when someone would invariably start to sing and the rest of us join in. We all worked hard, but we were young and gay, and we sung our hearts out. After Sunday School and church we generally met at someone's home and at times we were so noisy that the old folks, who were trying to take a nap, would chase us out to the straw stack where they could not hear us. Juvenile delinquency was unheard of in those days. None of us had enough idle time on our hands to get into much mischief. Besides that, our parents were firm believers in the old adage of "Spare the rod and spoil the child".

Some of our favorite songs were "The Last Rose Of Summer", "The Little Rosewood Casket", "The Brooklyn Bridge Is Burning" and "When The Roses Bloom Again". Mother and Sophia taught me most of these, and many more old ballads that had been handed down from generation to generation. I never expected to forget any of them, but time plays tricks on our memories, and I can only recall a few lines of each song.

The girls wore long riding skirts made of black calico to protect their clean dresses while riding horseback. It was considered unladylike to straddle a horse, so we rode sidewise. Very few of our friends had a saddle or riding pony. Most of us just threw a blanket across the back of one of the work horses, cinched it down with a surcingle, and climbed on. One of the girls received a side saddle as a gift from her father, and after that she refused to be seen riding with the rest of us. One rainy evening, as we were on our way to a square dance, a sudden clap of thunder frightened Billy and he dumped me into a mud puddle. Henry caught him and changed horses with me. I was a mess, but went on to the dance. The girls cleaned me up as best they could, and I had a good time after all. We liked to waltz and do the two-step, but we never heard of jitterbugging, which is so popular with the young people now-a-days. Finding musicians was always a problem, so we did not have many dances, and usually sang such songs as "Skip To My Lou" at parties.

I do believe that the horses delighted in trying to throw me. As a rule, Henry rode Old Tom, who was half blind, but we traded horses one evening, and when someone came up on his blind side, he took off on high. I managed to hang on until Henry caught up with us.

Mother needed some groceries while the men were at work one day in the field, so she told me to hitch Billy to the cart (it was very similar to the present day racing carts) and drive into Mulhall. He became frightened as we passed some loud yelling cow-boys, herding their cattle just inside their ranch fence, and he raced madly down the road. I barely managed to quiet him before entering town.

In those days farmer's wives often exchanged surplus foods instead of buying from each other, so I was taking a gallon of mother's home made pickles over to trade with a neighbor for some fresh butter, when the wind fluttered a piece of paper in the road. Billy jumped sidewise and started down the road on a dead run. When the cart turned over, the reins were yanked out of my hands as I went sailing through space. He turned into the first farm yard, where I was just headed for, and they came to see if I was hurt. Fortunately I was only badly shaken up, but those pickles were a mess. They were scattered everywhere, so I had nothing left to trade for butter, but the lady let me have it anyhow. I rode Billy home in disgust. Dad managed to salvage and repair the cart.

Mother was a very busy person, but she always took time to listen to our childish woes, and would laugh merrily as we would share our little jokes with her. She had a heart of gold, and never turned a deaf ear to anyone in distress. She was liked by all of our neighbors, but one woman spoke such broken English that Mother just could not visit with her. Henry and I thought that it sounded awfully funny, as he never spoke German in our house.

Dad's temperment was almost the opposite of Mother's. He was strong willed, stern but just, and when he gave an order we knew that he meant exactly what he had said. He was fair haired, light complexioned, and was as lithe as an Indian. He always walked with a military bearing. Life was rugged, even for normal men, but he never complained about having a physical handicap. After the loss of his right arm, he learned to shoot left handed by resting the rifle barrel on the stub of his arm, and became an excellent marksman. He delighted in matching his skill with that of normal men.

There were so many centipedes, tarantulas, lizards and poisonous snakes we had to keep a sharp lookout at all times to avoid stepping on one with our bare feet. The hoe was our favorite weapon for these pests, and whenever anyone yelled "Bring the hoe quickly" we lost no time in getting there. As I mentioned before, our land bordered the Cimarron River, and many of these snakes lived along these banks. When the water started rising after a heavy rain, they would crawl to higher ground. We used to wade in the river, but during the rainy season it became a mighty force of evil, overflowing its banks and destroying everything in its path. Father was much too wise to establish our home on low land, but we saw many houses, filled with furniture, floating down stream. One day a haystack floated by with a hen and rooster on it.

I spent so much time working in the fields, or watching the cows and horses as they grazed on open land, that I hardly learned to cook. I loved to read, so, for a pastime, I would take Mother's Bible, the almanac, or anything else that I could find to read while the stock were grazing.

After my eighteenth birthday, I got a job at Mulhall keeping house for a widow with three children. She worked in one of the stores, so I got a little cooking experience. My salary was \$1.50 per week. I spent most of it for a new parasol, pink dress, hat and shoes. With all of these new clothes, I really felt like a well dressed young lady. I had been going steady with a young man

who had a nice horse and buggy. When he heard about the circus coming to Guthrie, nine miles away, Mother fixed a huge picnic lunch, and we started out at four in the morning. She and Clara used their buggy and I rode with my boyfriend. None of us had the price of admission, but we certainly enjoyed watching those animals parade by. My next boyfriend was my chum's brother, but another girl soon cut me out and she finally married the fellow with the nice buggy.

Our watermelons were wonderfully sweet, and young and old alike enjoyed these melon feasts, but we could hardly give away our surplus. It did not even pay to haul them to town. Sweet potatoes, peanuts, cotton, corn, kaffir corn and castor beans all grew nicely in the rich, sandy soil. Our principle crops were corn and cotton.

One hot summer day a big fire broke out above us and rushed out of control, right down our side of the river. Dad ran as fast as he could to where our cows and pigs were penned and knocked out a section of the rail fence so that they could come up on the hill. One old cow was a little slow and got her tail singed off. The whole family fought fire that day to keep it from wiping us out. It was a very bad one. Not only was it necessary for us to live on this land for three years before we could obtain title to it, but certain improvements had to be made, so we came close to losing everything that we had been working for.

Link took Sophia back to Kansas after their marriage, and she had not been home in four years, so in October of 1896 Grandpa Two-good, now past 70 but still hale and hearty, brought her and the two babies, Edna and Bill, down in a covered wagon for a months visit. I decided to go home with them, and shortly afterwards I met Emmet Ellsworth Perkins. We fell in love and were married on July 17, 1900. Preacher Sage from La Cygne performed the ceremony in my sister's home, and some friends gave us a nice wedding supper. Emmet worked for the Frisco-Rock Island Railroad at Fontana, Kansas, a small town just a few miles north of La Cygne, for \$1.05 a day. We rented two furnished rooms and set up housekeeping.

The following November, after the birth of her third child, Sophia became desperately ill. Grandpa came after me to help with her three children. The doctor did not seem to know what to do for her, and there were no hospitals near by. He called her condition congestion chills. She ran a very high fever, which made her delirious, and she died a week later. Our parents were still living on the Oklahoma homestead. We sent them the sad news, and Father started out immediately, but the trains were slow in those days and he arrived after her funeral. She was buried in a small cemetery at Jingo, Kansas. Link had no relatives, so Emmet and I took the children, Edna, Bill, and Lucy, my namesake, home with us and moved into a larger place. We kept them all until my own child was due to arrive---when Link found a woman to care for the two older ones. Emmet had been transferred to La Cygne, and was still working as a laborer, when Golda May was born on August 29, 1901. Little Lucy was now 16 months old, and I had just celebrated my 21st birthday. We kept her for two years, when her daddy married Julia Norton, a young widow with a small daughter named Cora. They took her so that all the children could grow up together and they raised a large family of their own.

Not long after this Emmet was promoted to foreman at \$45 a month and a furnished house, so we were feeling quite prosperous. The well pump was broken, and Emmet had tried unsuccessfully to get the company to fix or replace it, so I was feeling pretty peeved at having to draw all of our own water. One day three well dressed men from the work train came into the yard and asked for a drink. I blurted out, "I'll bring you some clean glasses, and you're welcome to the water, but you'll have to draw it yourself. The darned old railroad is so stingy that they won't give us a new pump." The men laughed heartily, but I could not see the joke until one of the men said, "Well, here is the Superintendent, why not talk to him." Just a few days later we received a new pump.

Our son, Fred Elmer, was born in the La Cygne section house on February 2, 1907. Golda was very proud of the new baby. She used to sit on the fence and tell the train crews all about her little brother, and make up little songs about him. We were back in Fontana when Fred reached school age, but he graduated from La Cygne High School in 1927. Golda married Russell Calvin before she finished school. She was 18 years old at the time of her marriage. They moved onto his father's farm near town, and their oldest child Billy, was born the following year. Several more years passed before a daughter, Beverly, was born. The next child, a girl, lived only 4½ months. Robert was their last child. Russell suffered a heart attack in 1951 when they were living at Paola, Kansas, and passed away very suddenly at the age of fifty, leaving Golda the sole support of two children, ages thirteen and eight. She worked hard to raise her family, but now (1956) Beverly is grown and Bob will soon be a young man.

Mother and Dad eventually sold the Oklahoma homestead and moved to Bentonville, Arkansas. That summer Emmet had to take an extra gang to do some work near Springfield, Missouri, so I used my pass to go visit the folks. I had not seen them for three years. Henry and Cora Harty decided to be married, so I went with them, as did Clara. Later on they all moved to Osceola, Missouri, and were living in a tent beside the Sac-Osage Rivers where Bessie was born. When Bessie was four months old they moved to La Cygne, Kansas, and Dad bought the five acre place north of town. Mary and Frank were born during the next four years. Cora lived only a short time after Frank's birth. Mother cared for the girls until Henry married Stella Boyd. She had a small son, Charley, and they raised a large family. Frank lived with the folks for several years. Uncle Walter lost his wife too, and oddly enough, each of these three young mothers in our family left two girls and a boy.

Mother and Dad moved into town quite a while before he passed away. She wanted to stay in her home, but she grew moody and depressed, so one day a neighbor called and suggested that I come to see her at once. So we moved her into our house.

Emmet and I moved up and down the line for 17 years. I was always scrubbing dirty old section houses. They would never furnish paint and wallpaper for the inside, but invariably came and put a coat of barn red paint on the outside. I always raised lots of flowers and vegetables. The trainmen used to say that I had the nicest garden along the whole line. Emmet finally got so fed up with a new boss that he decided to try some other kind of work.

First he tried the coal chutes at Paola, then we farmed for a while. He bought a horse and buggy so that mother and I could get into town, and we really enjoyed it, but Fred considered it pretty slow, so we bought a new Ford with canvas side curtains for \$450. Ruth and Mildred Croghan went to town with me one day while I was learning how to drive, and while I was trying to park, I got excited and nearly crashed into the front of the hardware store. As the car jumped the curb, the men standing in a group on the sidewalk scattered in all directions, and one smarty yelled "Whoa, back up." Believe me, Ruth and Mildred lost no time in getting out when I grabbed the emergency brake, stopping just inches from the big store window. Our next car was a Chevrolet with windows that rolled up and down. It cost us \$750, but we were mighty proud of it.

Emmet did not like farming very well, so he finally decided to go back to the railroad. He was sent to Olathe, Kansas, as section boss, at \$116 a month. Mother was quite ill now, so we stayed in La Cygne, and a neighbor used to stay with her while I went after him on weekends. Unfortunately, this time out had broken his seniority rating. When he developed heart trouble in 1939, he was given one years leave of absence, but was never able to get back to work, so he only got credit for eight years of service. He had no social security credits, so our income was very small. After Mother died, I did whatever work was available---took in washing, cared for the sick, worked for the Works Progress Administration, and in the tent factory. While Fred was in the Navy, he sent us \$30 every month, so we managed to get along, but Emmet's health grew worse, and he passed away in 1949. Fred flew back from where he was working in California, and we laid Dad to rest in the La Cygne cemetery near the spot where Mother and Dad are sleeping.

- Later on, when I became ill, Fred drove back, bundled me into the car, and drove me out to Palo Alto to live with him. He is now married to Roberta, who is very nice to me, I like living in California and have seen many interesting and unusual things since coming out here. I made one trip back to Kansas, and while I enjoyed visiting with old friends and relatives, things just did not seem the same as when it was home to me.

I will be seventy-six years old this summer (August 16, 1956) and my health is still good. I've had my share of hard knocks and many sorrows during my lifetime, but the spark of life burns as brightly as ever, so don't let the birthdays fool you folks, because there's a lot of life in this old gal yet, and I'm looking forward to my 100th birthday.

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THE GENEALOGY OF WILLIAM AND
MATILDA LOVELL

Linn County, Kansas

William Lovell (D)
Matilda (D)

1. Amanda (D)
2. Emma (D)
3. Mary (D)
4. Rosie (D)
5. William Wallace (D)

Amanda Lovell (D) (1873-1928)
James Boyd (D) (1855-1935)

Emma Lovell (D)
George Medley (D)

1. Stella Lee
2. May (D)
3. Arthur (D) (1901-1957)
4. Henry (D)
5. Mamie (D)

1. Tom
2. Albert
3. Pearl
4. Grace

Stella Lee Boyd
Henry Isaiah Bergman

(See seperate sheet)

Mary Lovell (D)
_____ (D)

(No children)

Rosie Lovell (D)
Zach Roberts (D)

1. Nellie (D)
2. Maggie (D)
3. Oscar (D)

William Wallace Lovell
(D)

Cora McMeans (D)

1. John
2. Peter (D)
3. Ernest
4. Birdie (D)

THE GENEALOGY OF ISAIAH TWOGOOD
AND REBECCA THOMAS

Johnson County Iowa and Linn
County, Kansas

Isaiah Twogood (D)
Rebecca Thomas (D)

1. Jennie (D)
2. Rachael (D)
3. Priscilla Catherine (1855-July 18, 193
4. Mellissie (D)
5. Mattie (D)
6. (Girl who died while young, name unk.)
7. Walter A. (D) (April 6, 1873-Oct. 5,
1945)
8. (Boy who died at 17, name unknown)

Jennie Twogood (D)
Purcell (D)

Rachael Twogood (D) Mattie Twogood (D)
Gadd (D) Razer (D)

Priscilla Catherine Twogood (D)
John Nicholas Peter Bergmann (D)

Walter A. Twogood (D)
Laura B. (D) (Dec. 27, 1879-Jan. 27, 1913)

(See seperate sheet)

1. Harley
2. Mable
3. Susan

(2) _____

Harley Twogood

Mable Twogood
Bailes

Susan Twogood

Information is badly needed to finish filling in the Twogood family tree, other than the complete information that we have on the late Priscilla Catherine Twogood and John Nicholas Peter Bergmann.

THE GENEALOGY OF FRED WILLIAM
NELLSCH AND NANCY ANN ELIZABETH
KING

Linn County, Kansas

Fred William Nellsch
Nancy Ann Elizabeth King

1. Minnie Edith
2. Oscar Roy (D)
3. Carrie Alice
4. Floyd Ray
5. Earl Volley
6. Bonnie Florence
7. Alma Francis
8. Lewis Chester
9. Lorene Jewel

Minnie Edith Nellsch Oscar Roy Nellsch (D) Carrie Alice
Rudolph Stalder Gertrude Jackson

1. Elizabeth Edith (See seperate sheet)
2. Rudolph Jr.
3. Frederick
4. Mary Louise

Elizabeth Edith Stalder
Karl Wright

1. Karen
2. Cynthia
3. Marilyn

Rudolph Stalder Jr.
Gladys

1. Barbara
2. Richard

Frederick Stalder
Madeline

1. Gayle

Mary Louise Stalder
Donald Johnson

1. Dennis
2. Thomas
- 3.
- 4.
- 5.

THE GENEALOGY OF FRED WILLIAM
NELLSCH AND NANCY ANN ELIZABETH
KING

Page 2.

Floyd Ray Nellsch
Leila

1. Floy Roul
2. Verla Rose
3. Jay Allen

Floy Roul Nellsch
Clarence Moore

1. Claude Allen
2. Linda

(2) R.J. Carrie

Claude Allen Moore

Linda Moore

Verla Rose Nellsch
Johnny Sixkiller

1. Johnny
- 2.
- 3.

Jay Allen Nellsch
Charlene

1. Randy
2. Roy
- 3.
- 4.

Earl Volley Nellsch
Blanche

1. Verner
2. Opal
3. William Earl

(2) Velena

Verner Nellsch
June Brown

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.

Opal Nellsch
Chester Mattox

William Earl Nellsch

Bonnie Florence Nell-
sch

Calvin Curtis

1. Gertrude Marguer-
ite

2. Callie Lucretia

3. Gerald Eugene

4. Billy Joe

5. Phillip Dale

(2) Sylvester Peak

Gertrude Marguerite
Curtis

Arvid E. Underman

1. Arvid Eugene

Callie Lucretia
Curtis

(1)

(2) William Konkell

Gerald Eugene Curtis
Dee

1. Kim

Billy Joe Curtis

Elizabeth Ann Berkey

1. Bonnie

2. Gail

3. Nancy

Phillip Dale Curtis

(1) Louise Hassard

(2) Hildegard Zarm-
bauch

1. Dianna

2. Callie

THE GENEALOGY OF FRED WILLIAM
NELLSCH AND NANCY ANN ELIZABETH
KING

Page 3.

Lorene Jewel Nellsch	Louis Chester Nellsch	Alma Francis Nell-
Harold C. Pendley	(1) Doris Lewis	sch
		Harry Glenn Kidd
1. Patricia Susan	1. (D)	(D)
2. David Harold		
	(2) Edith Ann Fuller	
Patricia Susan Pendley		
Peter Sarant (Sarantoupolis)		

Peter Sarantoupolus changed his name legally to Sarant.

THE GENEALOGY OF OSCAR ROY NELLSCHE
AND GERTRUDE JACKSON

Linn County, Kansas

John Jackson (D) Joshua Scarborough (D)
Delilah (D) Francis (D)

Fred William Nellisch (D) John Jackson Jr. (D)
Nancy Ann Elizabeth King (D) Mary Scarborough (D)

Oscar Roy Nellisch (D)
Gertrude Jackson

1. Ella May
2. Elsie Fern
3. Evelyn Faye
4. Oscar William Thomas
5. Viola Marie
6. Carl Lee
7. Inez Laverne
8. Darrell Lavonne

May Nellisch
Vincel J. Ellis

Elsie Fern
Sonny McCallum

Evelyn Faye Nellisch
Harry T. Bergman

1. Roger Samuel
Buckingham (A)

1. Shirley
2. Malcolm

1. Barbara Jean
2. Roy Laverne
3. Carl William
4. Harry Eugene

Shirley McCallum

-
1. Robert Dean
 2. Charlene
 3. Mary Jane
 4. David

Barbara Jean Bergman
Sherman Lee Pompey

Oscar William Thomas Nellisch	Viola Marie Nellisch Simms	Carl Lee Nellisch Louise Rittenhouse
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(Never married)

1. Edward

1. Cindy Jean

Edward Simms
Sylvia

1. Anna Marie
 2. Edward (?)
-

THE GENEALOGY OF OSCAR ROY NELLSCHE
AND GERTRUDE JACKSON

Page 2.

Inez Laverne Nellsch
Franklin Feldman

Darrell Lavonne
Ruth Eversoll

1. Franklin Jr.

1. Larry Lavonne

2. Anna Darlene

Franklin Feldman Jr.
Joyce Faye Tinsley

1. Dorinda Kay

THE GENEALOGY OF HOMER JACKSON
AND IDA WISDOM

1914166

Linn County, Kansas

John Jackson (D)
Delilah (D)

Joshua Scarborough (D)
Francis (D)

John Jackson Jr. (D)
Mary Scarborough (D)

Homer Jackson
Ida Wisdom

1. Mary Ellen
2. Homer Lee
3. John (D)
4. Glenn
5. Raymond
6. Rosie Fern
7. Goldie
8. Nancy

Mary Ellen Jackson
Bishop

Homer Lee Jackson

John Jackson (D)
Ruby Jacobs

- 1.
- 2.

Mary Ellen Bishop
John Probasco

Glenn Jackson
Lillie Mae Wurtz

Raymond Jackson

Goldie Jackson

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.

- 1.

Information is requested to finish filling in this part of the
genealogy and family tree of the Jackson's.



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THE GENEALOGY OF OLIN JACKSON
AND MARY JACOB
Linn County, Kansas

John Jackson (D) Joshua Scarborough (D)
Delilah (D) Francis (D)

John Jackson Jr. (D)
Mary Scarborough (D)

Olin Jackson
Mary Jacob

1. Betty
2. Alice
3. Dean (D)

Betty Jackson
McNabb

Alice Jackson
Henry McNabb

Dean Jackson (D)
Mary

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.

1. David (No children)
- 2.
- 3.

Betty and Alice Jackson married brothers. Information is requested in order to help finish filling out this portion of the Jackson family tree.

THE GENEALOGY OF WES JACKSON
AND EDITH COX

Linn County, Kansas

John Jackson (D)
Delilah (D)

Joshua Scarborough (D)
Francis (D)

John Jackson Jr. (D)
Mary Scarborough (D)

Wes Jackson
Edith Cox

1. Harold
2. Marjorie
3. Gene
4. Kenneth
5. Forrest
6. Juanita
7. Ronald

Harold Jackson
Billy Jean Eversoll

Marjorie Jackson
Phillip Hearn

Gene Jackson
Ethel Johnson

1. Dennis Allen
2. Brenda
3. Sandra

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.

1. Eddy
2. Carlotta (D)

Kenneth Jackson
Ruby

Juanita Jackson
Melvin Miller

1. Linda

- 1.

Information is requested to help finish filling in this section of the family tree. Also, information is requested to help fill in the family tree of Barbara Ellen Jackson Stroud Cox Combs of Pleasanton, Kansas.

THE GENEALOGIES OF CLARENCE, JEWEL,
CLINT AND MARVIN JACKSON AND THEIR
WIVES

Linn County, Kansas

John Jackson (D)
Delilah

Joshua Scarborough (D)
Francis (D)

John Jackson Jr. (D)
Mary Scarborough (D)

1. Clarence
2. Jewel
3. Clint (D)
4. Marvin (D)

Clarence Jackson
Agnes Somes

Jewel Jackson Clint Jackson (D) Marvin Jackson
Delmar Thompson Bell West (D)

- | | | | |
|-----------------|---------------|---------------|-----------------|
| 1. Clarence Jr. | (No children) | (No children) | (Never married) |
| 2. Beth | | | |

Clarence Jackson Jr.

Jawa



